LOCATES THE GARDEN OF EDEN IN BRITISH GUIANA

The party travelling through the jungle with bearers.

Dr. W. C. Farabee Hears the Story of Creation and Sees Original Maxixe Among Simple Native Tribes

THE Garden of Eden has been found again This time it is in South America, and the petrified stump of the "Tree of Life" still stands on its site. Dr. William C. Farabee, curator of the American section of the University of Pennsylvania and leader of the Amazon expedition, which sailed from Philadelphia on March 19, 1913, and is still forcing its way through hitherto unexplored South American regions, has found both it and several different tribes of Indians so isolated, so remote from the rest of the world that they are essential primitives living in their stone age and handing down from father to son in the way of all primitives, myths and legends that have an oddly familiar ring.

These tribes live in the fastnesses of the mountains on the border line between British Guiana and Brazil, and their small settlements are about ten miles apart. Thus they have had accidental converse with one another and have acquired certain customs in common. Some had heard of white men; some had even seen a white man. But there were tribes so inaccessible, so set apart and hidden by nature that they live in another era and, until Dr. Farabee and his party struggled through weeks of indescribable hardship and suffering to get to them, they did not know that white men existed.

When the expedition set out from Philadelphia in its own vessel it was most completely equipped for every exigency that might arise in the prosecution of its project. Later it was deemed inexpedient to travel with so much impedimenta and the load was lightened that the party might not be restricted to water routes.

Arriving at Para they proceeded by commercial craft up the Amazon, its northern affluent, the Negro, and from the Negro into the Branco, arriving at Boa Vista on October 17, 1913. From thence they travelled independently by canoes or overland. The way became exceedingly difficult when they tried to get through the Uraracuera River, as it wound further up the mountains, and the explorers turned back eastward on foot through British Guiana.

On this trip Dr. Farabee discovered three new tribes—the Porocatos, the Ajamaras and the Zapacas—who were primitive men never before visited by twentieth century whites. Vocabularies were made of their languages and notes taken of manners, customs, religious beliefs, myths and legends. Specimens of prehistoric pottery, bows, arrows, clubs, fishing and domestic implements, native cloth and jewelry, archæological bits from ancient burial places, were brought away and are now in the museum. Like most of these primitive Indians, their bamboo houses are immaculately clean and not unattractive, nor is a woman averse to posing in her home, as may be seen from the illustration.

The return of this stage of the expedition was accomplished without mishap, and late in October they reached the southern outpost in British Guiana at Melville's ranch, where they sought the cooperation of the British Magistrate, H. P. C. Melville, and his able associate, John Ogilvie. Both these gentlemen are Scotchmen, efficient, studious, of introspective and contented aspect of mind. Mr. Melville is in charge of the entire section running nearly to the coast, an area two-thirds the size of Pennsylvania, inhabited by Indians and negroes. His rule is simple and paternal, as fits his primeval subjects.

"Thank God we have no law here," he says, "only justice."

The Magistrate's ranch includes golf links on which the two Scotchmen play together, or with any white man who chances their way. Visitors are few and far between, and the men live largely in books. Mr. Ogilvie went there twenty years ago from the University of Edinburgh, bringing with him a natural aptitude for languages. He has become an adept in the various Indian tongues of the country and is invaluable as an interpreter. Dr. Farabee persuaded him, with much difficulty, to join the expedition in the arduous task it now proposed—an invasion into the Tumac-Humac range of mountains which divide Brazil from the Guianas and which up to that time never had been penetrated. And although Mr. Ogilvie has spent so many years in South America and had reason to believe himself fully acclimated, he suffered more from disease and insect bites than did Dr. Farabee. These two and Dr. Franklin Church of Booneville, N. Y., physician and geologist, were the only white men in the party which presently fared forth on September 19, 1913.

Dr. Farabee's chief desire in setting out for the Tumac-Humac range was to discover what remnant of Indian race dwelt there and what was its attitude toward other tribes. When the Spaniards first came to South America they found the mainland populated by the Carib Indians, a piratical, warring crew, who preyed upon the Arowaks, a mild, agriculture loving tribe. It is not certain whether the Arowaks lived on the Caribbean islands or were driven there by the Caribs, but it is certain that the latter made raids in their war canoes upon the islands, and also drove the few poor Arowaks of the mainland up into the highest mountains.

When the Spaniard came he set about putting an end to both tribes. The Arowak succumbed with little resistance, but the Caribs fought long, and many of them fled into the mountains. Dr. Farabee believed that the descendants of these two tribes still dwell in the Tumac-Humac range, and his purpose was to find them.

At first all went well with the expedition. They plunged further and further into unknown territory, making their way from tribe to tribe and studying manners and customs, taking pictures, collecting ethnological specimens. Mr. Ogilvie with his gift of tongues made friends with each tribe, and they sent runners ahead to announce the coming of good men.

As they advanced deeper into the wilderness they found tribes who knew nothing of white men or of civilization. These tribes—the Parikutu, Wai-wai, Wai-me, Chikena, Katiawan, Toneyan, Diow, Kumayenas and Urukwanas—are simple people. They are like children, beautiful children, with a love for color and enjoyment, and they are happy, as only children can be. They have no metals or gems of any sort. They hew everything they use out of solid granite, and they have few utensils. They grow cassava, grind it between stones and bake it into a kind of bread. They subsist on fruits and vegetables and game. They strike fire by rubbing stones together. They are, in a word, "savages." And Arowak and Carib live together in complete accord. There are no wars between these primitives.

The women of the tribes are magnificent creatures, like shining bronze statues, with blue black hair and wonderful eyes. The men are splendid of body and keen of mind, as the face of the Wai-wai chieftain proves. They weave a kind of coarse native cloth, and into this they twine the feathers of the macaw and fashion for themselves most marvellous cloaks, aprons, headdresses, necklaces and wristlets in which greens, blues, golds and scarlets blend exquisitely and which they so model as to make the wearer's person thus adorned resemble the gloriously plumaged bird they have ravaged for material.

When it is the season of loving and mating, their springtime, they adorn their bodies and dance—the Maxixe! It is really the Maxixe, and is called by them the *mashcka*, or peanut vine dance. This, which is a rite among all Indian tribes in this corner of the globe, was picked up by some Brazilians and taken down to Rio Janeiro, where its teachers developed it into a crude and unlovely dance, largely suggestive. Later it was carried over to Paris, expurgated and taught to the Parisians. It was modified still more and ultimately sent over to the United States.

By the beginning of the year the expedition began to suffer from disease and fatigue. The way was becoming more and more impassable and they found their supplies too heavy. It was decided to send a part of the force back to Melville's with Dr. Church. He was to take packs of the photographs, note books and specimens with him; as much as could be carried.

This detachment suffered great hardship on the journey and arrived at Melville's with little of their load.

The remainder of the expedition, headed by Dr. Farabee and Mr. Ogilvie, strove eastward, believing that they could reach the headwaters of the Oyapok River, the boundary line between Brazil and French Guiana, and follow it to the coast. The enormous mountain ranges soon made this aim impossible. So they decided to follow the Esequibo to its mouth, a feat not yet accomplished by white men. They thought that the waterway could be followed easily and that supplies would be obtained all along its shores.

Disaster and mishap pursued them. To make headway along the swamps that lined the river was out of the question. Frail pirogues were constructed from the bark of native trees and perilous progress gained in this way. Whenever it was practicable these were given up and the men took again to the swampy bank. All progress literally was accomplished inch by inch and attended with the most intense danger and suffering.

Supplies gave out and there was suddenly an entire absence of edible animal and vegetable life in the region through which they were struggling. For weeks they subsisted on the flesh of monkeys and alligators, horrible to taste and smell but all that starving humans could find. The streams were infested with disease. One by one the explorers developed swamp fever. Dr. Farabee's chills came only on alternate days, so that he was of service to his followers at least half the time. But Mr. Ogilvie's attacks were unremitting. He was delirious during most of the time and on the latter part of the journey became a burden to his exhausted comrades.

When at last the expedition reached the headquarters of navigation they found two canoes belonging to rubber hunters absent in the bush. They commandeered these—a serious crime in the wilderness—and struggled onward to civilization, ragged, bareheaded, barefooted, emaciated and weak from suffering and want. At the last their ammunition was practically gone and they themselves had no strength to push further.

Fortunately they fell into good hands in Georgetown, the canoes were returned with a handsome douceur in time to escape prosecution and all were nursed back to health again. Mr. Ogilvie went back to Melville's and his golf and Dr. Farabee sailed for the Barbados to recuperate before starting out again. While in the Barbados he breakfasted with Col. Roosevelt as guests of the American Consul there and the two explorers compared research notes. The expedition is now on the second half of its hazardous undertakings, in the west of Brazil.

The expedition already has yielded data of immense interest to anthropologists, and if Dr. Farabee does no more than he has already done by bringing to light the Wai-wai and a dozen other tribes, then the project has paid its promoters many times over in interest.

The university spent thousands of dollars not many years ago exploring in the East. There are in its museum tablets from ancient Babylon dating back to 2000 B. C. and 3000 B. C. that record the story of the creation of man and show that Eden was an actual part of Babylon. Essentially the same story and the same claim are made in that part of South America now explored!

Dr. Farabee claims to have a flood legend from these Indian tribes almost identical with the Biblical story of Noah.

In the beginning—so at least say the Wai-wai—there were two gods, Tuminkar and his brother Duwid. Tuminkar it was who created men and women, and afterward the animals. Duwid brought men and women food. Day after day he came with fruits and vegetables in great variety and profusion for them to eat, so they were grateful and rendered him thanks. But, having nothing to do, the first men and women amused their idleness by watching the animals. At length they noted that all these were in the habit of passing in one direction in the morning of each day, and returning toward the other in the evening. So they said: "Let us go with the animals and see where they go and what they do."

They followed, and came with the animals to a great tree bearing on its branches all kinds of fruits and vegetables. On the ground under the tree lay quantities of these fruits and vegetables upon which the animals fed each day. And there was plenty for all. So the men and women took and ate. Then they said among themselves: "This is where the god Duwid gets our food. Let us hereafter come and get it ourselves, and we will not have to trouble to thank the god for it."

Thereupon they told Duwid next day that he need not bring them food any more, for they knew where to get it themselves.

"It shall be as you wish," replied Duwid, "but henceforth you must work to obtain the food to eat. Tomorrow the tree will be cut down, but in order that you may not starve I will tell you this: If you will break off a branch bearing each kind of fruit and plant this in the ground, water it carefully every day, tending and protecting it, it will grow and produce each seed after its kind. Thus you may continue to eat of the fruit of the tree. But you will have to work for it."

Following the instructions of Duwid the first men set about breaking off branches from the great tree and planting them, selecting those which bore different kinds of fruit and vegetables. Presently, however, they grew tired of labor and stopped. Hence, when the tree was cut down only a few of the many varieties of food which it grew had been saved for mankind, and so there are to-day only a few species of edible plants in the world. If the first people had been more industrious these would have been found in greater plenty. Moreover, to this day it is necessary to work in order to make the cassava grow.

The stump of the tree endures. It is pointed out in the form of a steep rock, which indeed resembles the trunk of a great tree.

This is not the only legend current among these tribes that has a familiar touch. There is the one about Tuminkar's son. Tuminkar, the god, had a son called Tuminkardan. A time came when Tuminkar had a great fight with a certain giant Bowkur, who lived upon the earth. During the war that raged between these two Tuminkar's son was killed. Then the god took a hand and fought with thunder and lightning against Bowkur's bow and arrows. The giant was eventually defeated and driven from the earth and fastened to the sky, so that he might not return. He is the constellation Orion. He shoots occasional arrows at Tuminkar, and these are the meteors sometimes seen shooting across the sky.

Beyond the Karawaimin Mountains is a great white rock. Under this rock Tuminkar buried his son. By this time men had learned from the creator the various arts of life, but after burying his son he decided to leave the earth and dwell up above. Before going, however, he told the people that when the great rock beyond the Karawaimin Mountains wears away his son will come forth and be their leader, teacher and friend. The Indians have now lost most of the knowledge given them at the beginning and await the coming of Tuminkardan to teach them once more the things they have forgotten.

This legend is held of the creation of three of the animals:

As each animal was called into existence by the god he received his proper form, size, color and call, and was then asked where he would prefer to live and what he would prefer to eat. The first animal was the jaguar. When he was asked where he would live and what he would eat, he looked about and saw the trees and the men who had just been created. He said: "I prefer to live on the ground and to eat men." He was allowed his choice.

The second animal was the monkey. When he was asked where he would live and what he would eat, he looked around and saw the jaguar. He replied: "I do not like the fellow on the ground. Therefore I will live in the trees and eat nuts." So he too was granted his choice.

And the third animal was the tapir. While he was being finished the monkey was looking on from the branches of a tree. Said he to himself: "Now if that fellow should choose to live up in the trees he will be a great nuisance. He is so clumsy that he will always be in my way, and he is so heavy that he will break down the trees. He really ought to live on the ground, but I can see well enough that he will not want to live with the jaguar."

So the monkey climbed down to the ground and went close to the tapir. When Tuminkar asked the tapir where he would like to live and what he would like to eat, the monkey whispered in his ear: "Don't say anything. It will be very uncomfortable for you up in the trees, and the jaguar will eat up everything on the ground. Don't say anything." The tapir was silent. The creator repeated his question, and again the monkey gave his whispered warning. The tapir answered nothing to his maker.

Whereupon Tuminkar said to the tapir: "You seem to be a very stupid fellow. Go get your living wherever you can." To this day the tapir is a silent fellow, and though he lives on the ground he eats the leaves of the trees, which he pulls down with his long nose.

Natives hauling the expedition's boat through Esequibo rapids.

Wai-Wai girls. The one seated is grating cassava, the other baking it.

Stump of the Tree of Life, according to the legends of the Wai-Wai Indians.

A Wai-Wai chieftain.

Stump of the "Tree of Life" Shown to Him—His Long and Daring Trip Into the Unknown